



Evening



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VOL. 2.

RENO, WASHOE COUNTY, NEVADA, FRIDAY, AUGUST 9, 1878.

NO. 17

THE RICARD CASE.

On our local page will be found information in regard to the Ricard case. The information has been asked for by many citizens, and it is given as we find it. From what we learn through the District Attorney, the judge has no right to issue certificates under any circumstances in civil cases. From what any sensible man knows, this county should not under any circumstances pay jury fees for lawyers because they take contingent fees. The fact that poor Ricard was impudent does not concern this county in the least. It was, in our opinion, a case which might have been tried elsewhere, and which in no instance should have cost this county one dime. It seems, however, that this county is so anxious against injustice in all States and counties that we pay jury fees in civil cases. The fact that our treasury has been drained during the past year does not weigh at all. The facts of investigation and bitter complaint on the part of the tax-payer, against this wanton waste, amounts to nothing. There seems to be no care further than the satisfaction of every adverse demand against the treasury. If Mr. Wright has any interest in the Ricard case he should have paid these fees out of his own pocket. If he has not, then he should have forbidden General Clarke to practice in his Court until the fees were paid. If neither of these views suit him, we should like to hear his explanation. Such conduct, as it appears, is entirely unworthy of his position, and if possible, lowers his reputation as a judge or common reader of the law. There are certain men in Washoe who think a Judge can insult every rule and precedent of common sense. Mr. Wright seems to be trying it, and the GAZETTE does not believe he can succeed.

THE ALL-IMPORTANT VOTE.

The GAZETTE will try during the present campaign to ensure voters their privileges. We want to see an honest choice made by the people, because we know that if our citizens take the matter in hand the result will be good. Let us see, then, how we shall arrange it. The necessity of having men to represent us in making choice suggests the method. You will all say that you want a good man for Sheriff. This will be your cry: "Good men." To get them you must have good delegates. Strong men are not nominated by weak ones, neither are tricksters the choice of honest tax-payers. You are no doubt conscious that as a voter you have always considered the primary as a mere formality and of little importance. You have taken an interest merely because a friend could be helped or an enemy punished. We want to impress upon voters the fact that if they allow primaries to be abused they lose the vote of the campaign. The selection of delegates ought to be a better indication of the party wishes than the vote at the polls. The candidate of a party once chosen, it is before the people on merit and has already either won or lost. The tax-payers of Washoe county should choose our officers, and we hope that they may during this year exercise this undoubted right. If you want your party to succeed do not compromise your primaries in any way, but labor earnestly to induce the selection of good men for delegates. You will then have good men for candidates.

We don't want, then, to have our own utterances shoved back into our throats, and therefore, we trust and believe that the Democratic convention will not re-nominate Governor Bradley *Virginia Chronicle*.

Yes, that would be rather disagreeable, to be sure. You had better prepare yourself, however, for the chances are that you will have to eat those same words referred to. As Deacon P. would say, "this is *verbum sap.*"

WHY NOT MOVE THE CHINESE QUARTER?

Everyone knows that what should be the most attractive portion of town has long been disgraced by the dingy hovels and loathsome dens of the Chinese quarter. That quarter is now even with the ground, and we would deem it to Reno's interests if we could induce John to rebuild outside of town. If we can't get rid of the Chinaman altogether, let us at least have him out of our door-yards and public streets. This should be done for several reasons. The heathen is notoriously regardless of any property save his own. Every Chinese wash-house and opium den is the kindling for a fire which may destroy much property. The Chinese quarter has harbored and concealed thieves and murderers for the destruction of property and life. The opium dens are occupied daily by thieves and rascals, who go forth at night to work the town, and steal or burn, as the case may be. The heathen regards no law save that of gain, and we should do likewise. It would be gain to us if we lost the Chinaman, and although we have no right to compel his movements, we believe that an earnest attempt would move John out in the sage-brush, where he belongs. The lives and property of our citizens would be safer, there would be less safety for thieves and murderers, and the health and appearance of the river side would be greatly improved. If the matter can be accomplished it will be through the white men who own the burnt district, as the town is not incorporated, and force is out of the question. The end in view is worth a trial.

Since writing the above we have learned that force has been advocated by a few fanatics and rascals for the purpose of removing the Chinese. The idiocy of such an attempt could only be equalled by the severity of punishment which will surely follow it. We do not believe that there are enough fools in this community to embroil us in a difficulty of this kind. If there are, the number will decrease very fast after the first assault is made. The reader will therefore understand that any resort to violence is not our advice in any extreme. We do believe, however, that a proper and temperate appeal will move the Chinese quarter from its former location. This appeal should be made to the property owners, Messrs. Haskell and Manning & Duck. Mr. Lake has already taken sides with the popular wish.

THE RICARD CASE.

The report of an adjourned meeting of the County Commissioners appears in our local columns. It will be seen that the GAZETTE's opinion and advice has been strictly followed. We have been directly sustained and Judge Wright strongly rebuked for his presumption in attempting to give away the people's money. The GAZETTE has complained of many other assaults, covert and open, upon the county treasury, and believes that it is right and with the people as in this case. We shall not hesitate to bring Judge Wright, or any one else down, when they attempt too high a flight, and will leave to others the neutral position because it is impossible for any journal to serve the people in that role.

We heard the *Footlight* say the other day that the jury system, as daily illustrated in this country, is one of the most unique farces ever produced by a "hybrid civilization." Our imagination climbed with much trouble up to the "unique farce" plateau, and from there scoured the historical heavens with a field glass. No such thing as a "hybrid civilization" was discovered.

There were twenty-four new cases of yellow fever at new Orleans on the 3d, and six deaths. Total cases to the 5th instant, 255; deaths, 71.

LAW AND ORDER.

Reno is in a state of fear and trembling. Property owners feel that their earthly possessions are in danger, and law-abiding citizens are holding themselves in readiness to risk life in preserving the peace. This is surely a sad and unnecessary state of affairs, and, while resolving to suppress any riotous demonstration, it will be well to learn what made it necessary for this peaceful town to take arms and her citizens to become special policemen for protection against their neighbors.

The trouble has originated with the Workingmen's party. Not in the fact that many honest laborers felt that they should protect themselves, their interests and occupations, for that was right. The laborer is the main stay and glory of a republic. He should be an active citizen, but his activity should be in protecting old laws, equal to his zeal in making new ones. The trouble with this organization was threefold:

First, it was gotten up by parties who had nothing else to do. It was the work of an idle moment, and such works are never very fruitful of good. Those who assumed the leadership and wanted to manage the matter were not workingmen, some of them not good citizens; the result was, therefore, not good for the town or the workingmen. In the second place, the organization was made for political purposes and to compass certain ends without regard to the workingman or his interests. One by one the intents of the leaders has been discovered and they have been in quick succession ignominiously fired out. In the third place, the honest workingmen who went there to address a wrong have, for the most part, withdrawn, leaving behind them a collection of irresponsible and mischievous world-wide politicians. These men merely want the strength of numbers in order to carry out their lawless interests. As a consequence, the ever-ready tramp is offering his aid. Sheriff Lamb testifies that at the incendiary meeting Sunday night he noted a large number of tramps. These characters are, of course, ready for anything, and we do not believe that one honest workingman endorses their action. We do believe that some pretended laborers—who are in reality worthless scamps—do endorse the movement, and we regard them as public enemies. There is no use in inciting matters with law-breakers. It is a physical and legal impossibility for these men to drive any one out of this or any other community, because the entire force of the United States would prevent it. These men know this, but are still willing to imperil the peace and safety of this community by their idiocies on the subject of force. Now, then, if any of the so-called workingmen persist in this matter, they know the punishment which they court, and we hope they may get it. If they are not responsible for the incendiary and riotous feeling which is abroad, let them declare it. If tramps are to make our laws or correct them by force, the citizens will help them. If demented politicians and worthless loafers are to arrange matters for tax-payers, let us find it out and lend them needed assistance. And above all, taxpayers ought to know whether the parasites of this community are going to trifle with its peace and quiet at will.

We are not blaming any man for wanting to better his position or get rid of the Chinese. It is plain, however, that force will better nothing, that this community can not afford to trifle with law-breakers. The men who continue in this riotous spirit and stimulate it are no better than criminals, and should be treated as such. The GAZETTE declares itself as opposed utterly and at all events to the loafing scoundrels who are directly encouraging every ruffian, incendiary and thief in our midst. We shall publish the name and fame of any workingman

who after this writing countenances and encourages violence. We advise all citizens to shun and watch such men as dangerous to the public peace and safety of life.

MICHAEL REESE.

Michael Reese, a soulless miser, has found life in his death. The money which in life he wrung from his fellowman, in death he returns to men and the children of men in noble bequests. We have read of a soldier who deserted his post, and when captured was rightly an object of scorn with every loyal comrade. He awaited death, as he had merited it, but craved that he might be allowed to fight once more in the morrow's battle. The morning came and with it the assault. The doomed man with his comrades went where the tide of battle rolled most fiercely. Finally there was but a fragment of the brave band left; another volley, and they too were down. Not so the colors, however, for there they were floating as proudly as ever. With reinforcements the battle rolled back again, the lost ground was regained, and there a victorious reserve found the regimental flag firmly planted in the green earth. Beneath it was a dead man with an empty musket by his side. In his life disloyal, in death he earned forgiveness.

It seems to us that in some way this symbolizes the life of Michael Reese. Living he was not loyal to his kind, cared for nothing but gain, formed no ties with the world, and earned the title of miser. Dying he has put away suffering from the pauper, and given food to the orphan, and now the career which often brightened upon the hardships of others is suddenly transformed into a public benefaction. This surely is the power of wealth, and the reward of a life. The years will come and go as of old, and when the reader is laid at rest and forgotten, Michael Reese's charity will live, for it is planted in the hearts of widows and orphans. In his life he was a miser; in death the flag of humanity waves over him and beneath lies a philanthropist.

PREVENTION.

We have considered it a duty of the GAZETTE to discourage the silly attempts at riot which several scamps have induced a few honest men to approve. We have hoped, also, that the matter might pass off without any necessity of punishing the originators of the foolish scheme. The property and peace of this community is at stake, however, and if these men make another step in the direction of riot, they should be arrested and held accountable for their acts. The plain words of the law appear in another column, and the interests of the community demand that the laws shall be enforced. The time for temporizing has past, and this idiocy should be stopped.

A BORDER RUFFIAN.

A gentleman of the highest respectability, whose name were it mentioned, would be a sufficient guaranty of the truth of any statement he might make, called at this office this morning and stated that the business manager of the GAZETTE, Mr. L. S. Burchard, is behaving in the most disgraceful manner in the neighborhood of Webber lake. It will be remembered that on Saturday last it was stated in these columns that Mr. B. had joined a party of ladies and gentlemen for a camping trip to the lakes. It appears that Mr. Burchard is mounted on a pure Arabian steed, and careers over the country with a double-barreled shot-gun, assassinating harmless birds and beasts, and terrifying the passengers in stage coaches with his war-like appearance and true violent manner of speech. The GAZETTE desires it to be distinctly understood that it will not be responsible for any murders that may be committed in the vicinity of Webber

EDITORIAL NOTES.

A Democratic exchange, who is very anxious about Republican nominations, makes this guess: "General Conner will be nominated for Governor by acclamation; Mighels for Lieutenant-Governor by acclamation; Woodburn for Congress by acclamation; Hobart for Controller by acclamation; Tuffy for Treasurer by acclamation; Hawley for Supreme Judge by acclamation; Bicknell for clerk of the Supreme Court by acclamation; Day for Surveyor-General (if he deserves third term) by acclamation. This leaves open to skirmish the positions of Attorney-General and State Superintendent of Public Instruction only."

Concerning our townsmen, Mr. J. C. Hagerman, the *Virginia Chronicle* says that he is a prominent candidate for Governor among the Democrats. Also that he is making a square, a manly effort to secure the prize, with a steadily improving prospect of success.

The Democratic State papers are trying to screw their courage up to this point: "We would sooner be defeated than Bradlyized." The old man pats the editors on their scences and says: "Thar, thar, sons, ye'll feel better arter a while. That bullion tax was too many fer ye."

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The Indians are not yet quieted in Oregon. They have lately turned their attention to the Chinese question, and finding an illustration of its evil effects near Silver City, four Celestials were killed. General Howard, with the main body of troops, is near Rocky canyon and in pursuit of the hostiles.

When a chap threw a basin of water down the back of your neck, water yer column? anxiously asks an exchange.

Were we to answer truthfully our reply would be wholly unfit for publication. Our anxious exchange will therefore have to figure things out for itself.

The *Post* complains that there is a tribe of blackmailers belonging to the press of San Francisco, from whose vile assaults it is impossible to protect the great and good of that city. It is very generous of the *Post* thus to come to the rescue of the great and good, and the great and good must feel very grateful for such unexpected help coming from an entire stranger.

A Disgusting Feast.

On Monday an enterprising Piute buck attacked with his knife the carcass of the horse burned in Webber's stable this morning, and after half an hour's hard work had rid the remains of the hide and then cut off large chunks of the half-roasted flesh. Jim explained that the hide would make good moccasins, and that the meat was for his dog. But it isn't likely that any dog will ever get any of that horseflesh. The curse of the Piutes have to wrestle for their own board.

A Sunday Fight.

Monday afternoon about 5 o'clock two drunken fellows got into a row on Commercial Row. As they were too groggy to hurt one another much, nobody interfered with the conflict. One finally got the other down and then proceeded to kick his head off. Some citizens then thought it time to take a hand, and started the pugilists staggering off in different directions, each ornamented with a bloody nose.

Fun at Steamboat.

At Steamboat Springs next Sunday Messrs. Bishop, James and Schoeneman, of Virginia, will engage in a pigeon shooting match for a purse of \$150. There will also probably be a match between from seven to ten gentlemen, twelve dozen birds to be slaughtered. Steamboat is a jolly place to go to. John Rapp knows how to treat his visitors well, and does his level best to give them a good time—and always succeeds.

A syndicate of English capitalists has been formed to open up the Carico quartz mines.

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THAT UNPAID JURY.

General Clarke, the plaintiff's attorney in the Ricard case, publishes a very peculiar card in the *Journal* of this morning. The gentleman disclaims any responsibility for the payment of the fees of the jurors in the case. Whatever General Clarke meant to say when the jury brought in their verdict, it is certain that they and everybody else in the Court room at the time understood that his word, as a lawyer and gentleman, was pledged for the payment of the fees on the following morning. General Clarke knows, as well as we can tell him that the jury had a legal right to withhold their verdict until they had received their fees. That judgment has since been entered has nothing whatever to do with his position toward that jury. They waived their right to compel him to pay because they considered his word a sufficient guarantee that they would be paid at the time promised by him. His assumption that the county is liable for the fees is not in accord with the opinion of other equally good lawyers. It is evident, also that General Clarke has but a confused knowledge of the law relating to the payment of this class of fees. We quote:

The statute makes the fees of jurors a charge against the county payable upon the Clerk's certificates out of the County Treasury.

This is wholly erroneous. The only way to reach the General Fund (from which jurors are paid) is the Jury Fund being an empty myth in this county, through the County Commissioners. There are a few exceptional cases, we know, where the county treasury can be reached independent of the Commissioners—the salary of the District Judge, the payment by order of Court of the expenses of indigent witnesses, and the remuneration of attorneys appointed by the court to defend indigent persons charged with crime. Not a dollar of the money in the county treasury can be legally touched to pay jurors except with the consent of the Commissioners. Doubtless General Clarke is correct in stating that the plaintiff, his client, is legally responsible for the fees, but as he, in the capacity of a gentleman, induced the jurors to forego their rights, it strikes our non-professional mind that the obligation should be viewed wholly from the standpoint of a gentleman.

SPEAK UP.

The danger which threatened Reno has passed away. The pestilential fellows who seem to have gained the ascendancy in the Workingmen's party have been raped over the knuckles in a way that they will not be likely to forget. Every good citizen must rejoice that our town has been saved from a disgrace that would have attracted the attention of the whole country had there been an attempt to carry out the threats uttered at the meeting of Sunday night. The Workingmen's party has not, so far, made any official disclaimer of responsibility for those threats, and until that is done people will surely hold the party as approving of the spirit of lawlessness and riot. Those who publicly engineered that meeting were promptly given to understand, in a manner that could not be mistaken, what the consequences would be to themselves should their idiotic threats show any signs of ripening into action. Only the energy and determination of the respectable citizens of the town saved us from riot. The Workingmen's party can take no credit for having shared in the maintenance of law and order. Its officers have remained silent. Its executive committee met in secret and kept its conclusions from the public. It rests with that party, or that part of it which is not in sympathy with ruffianism, to convince the citizens of Reno

that hereafter it would not be fair and prudent to consider a member of that party a man that should be watched by the police. Matters must not be minced. The meeting of Sunday night has not been repudiated officially by the Workingmen's party. If that party wishes to satisfy the people that it was not responsible for the meeting, or, at least, does not approve of the things said there, let the officers of the party say so.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The *Carson Tribune* says that General Clarke must have experienced religion, judging from his very quiet answer to an abusive article which appeared in the *GAZETTE*. The abusive article in question was a report of the proceedings at a meeting of the County Commissioners. The Commissioners have since told us that the manner of our report pleased them very much, and that it was exact. This may suggest another reason for the quiet attitude of the General, and the consternation which the *GAZETTE*'s exposure of the Ricard case has caused among the whitewash brigade. The *Tribune* also believes that "it does not pay" for newspapers to protect the people. That belief has been evidenced by the *Tribune*'s course, but we differ with the Deacon.

Lincoln county has appointed delegates through her Republican County Central Committee. These delegates have been instructed to support R. M. Daggett in the State Convention for Governor. This makes the honors easy thus far between Daggett and Connor. The *Enterprise* has opposed the appointment of delegates, and rightly we think, although the method proposed was cumbersome and impracticable. The Crawford plan is not likely to be a success, nor indeed to reach a trial, but the plan of letting the people chose delegates should prevail. This will interest them individually in the party success, and make them directly responsible for the nominations. Let the people choose, but let us not complicate the vote at our primaries in any way.

In opposing the adoption of the Crawford plan, Mighels, of the *Appeal*, has this to say:

Darby may with propriety talk reprovingly to Joan, over the breadpan; and Deborah may read Jonathan a curtain lecture under the counterpane; but these had better discuss their little disagreements in private rather than in public. John Smith and Aaron Jones may have a hot dispute within the privacy of Smith's library; but they will not come to blows unless some one is by to listen and witness the discomfiture of one or the other of them. As near as may be, party differences are confined within the party lines, by the old conventional plan.

The *Appeal* is right. More fights are caused by witnesses than by insults.

The Comstockers ought to hire some one to choose their Chiefs of Police for them. Their latest prize is one McCourt, a Democrat, who got on a wild jamboree at Empire on Sunday night, fired a pistol off in the street, and made an indecent assault upon a lady. His predecessor, Breen, also a Democrat, made a fine record for himself in the Ah Chouey case and is now out on bail. Ben Lackey, a Republican, whom Breen succeeded, has a clean record, but his Democratic predecessor, White, was fined in the Police Court for bouncing into the *Ewing Chronicle* office with a drawn revolver and threatening to murder the whole staff. Virginia should import her next Chief.

And now the electric fluid has been agitated once more and comes trembling across the continent with the sweet confession that Kearney has taken a bath in Boston. Our advices do not state whether Dennis mistook the character of the entertainment and ate the soap or not, but the Eastern press is sanguine of some radical change in the great agitator. If Dennis dear would only send his ideas to some educational laundry for general purification and trim the large words lately acquired down to the size of his tongue, we should have still further improvement of note. It has long been known that Kearney's oratorical clothes do not fit him.

The Idaho *Arabian* believes that General Howard is a conspicuous failure. One of two decisions in this matter is correct. Either General Howard is a dress-parade soldier, or he has been wilfully and maliciously misrepresented. We believe from private advices that the latter assertion so solves the problem.

Winnemucca has nineteen candidates for office. Seven of these want to be Assessors.

Rev. Ijams, of San Francisco, can with difficulty endure Beaconsfield's diplomacy, and last week his disgust overflowed and ran down the pulpit steps. Then turning revengeful, Ijams asserted that Russia would own Constantinople within 500 years. If we were England we should dig up the carcass of Reverend Jams and hang it if that proved a lie, also we should petition the legislature to make Ijams an indictable offense, also to make its first name Jim.

Kearney, in his speech at Faneuil Hall, in eulogizing Butler, spoke of him as "that fiery and incomparable Rupert of debate, that chivalrous and white-plumed Navarre of the rostrum, the gallant, gifted, glorious Butler," which moved the *New York Times* to smile and attribute the high flown passage to some friendly reporter. Kearney cribbed the compliment from Bob Ingersoll's address when proposing Blaine as a Presidential candidate at the Cincinnati convention. The San Francisco *Chronicle* grows merry over the fact that the *Times* called the words "foolish nonsense." Says the *Chronicle*: "It evidently makes a great deal of difference to the *Times* from whose lips high-flown expressions come. At one time they are eloquent, at another nonsensical." Indeed it does. Coming from Ingersoll in a magnificent flood of language, that sort of sentence was not out of tune; but sandwiched between Dennis' bogue-laden blackguardism, it had all the effect of a silly patch on a pair of corduroys or an honest editorial on the *Chronicle*'s second page.

A tramp a few months ago begged a piece of bread at the house of a prominent citizen of Erie, Pa. When the proprietor came to the door he recognized a former oil prince, whose business capital recently was about \$200,000. —*Philadelphia Times*.

We can vouch for the truth of the above statement, and are happy to say that the man has recovered his grip and in a fair way to accumulate even a larger fortune than before. He is at present editing the *Virginia Footlight*, and is sold on every saloon and restaurant on the Comstock besides being an intimate friend of Governor Bradley.

The Winnemucca *Silver State* referring to the State ticket kindly put up for the Republican party by the *Eureka Sentinel* (Democratic) says: "We venture the assertion that the *Sentinel* is guessing, so far as it relates to the nomination of Connor by acclamation, will not be verified. Humboldt has a candidate for Governor on the Republican ticket, who, though not in the ring, may convince the ring that he is before the Convention." The gentleman referred to by the *Silver State* is John H. Kinkead, an old resident of Nevada, and an honorable man, with many claims upon his party and many friends to urge them.

Hon. Wm. Woodburn is in Winnemucca, engaged in the prosecution of a murder case. The *Silver State* thinks he will make a tour of the eastern part of the State to view the political scenery thereabout. He will also grapple with the public pulse and extort from it a confession as affecting his aspirations for Congress. The *State* says that Woodburn trains with the Connor movement.

The Virginia *Chronicle* says that Edwin Blechnerhassett is spoken of as a candidate against Jewett Adams for the Democratic nomination for Lieutenant-Governor. The Presidential electors of 1876 are coming out strong during the present year. Mr. Blechnerhassett would make a much better Lieutenant-Governor than Mr. Adams. However there is no necessity for either growing enthusiastic over his chances.

The Eureka *Leader* is speaking of Hon. W. W. Bishop in connection with Senator Sharon's seat, which it is to be hoped the Senator from Spring Valley will vacate. Mr. Bishop is an able man and would do more justice to this State than Sharon is capable of doing, even had he the will to do justice to his native State.

Andrew Johnson said in his last speech: "Beyond the third term comes the empire." We have often heard of Nevada on her silver throne, but we don't believe for a moment that Andrew Johnson had any reference to Bradley in the quoted remark. Democrats ought to consider the matter.

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Kearny has a "private secretary." Och, be the powers, Dennis, but yeroisin in the world.

The troops have been withdrawn from the neighborhood of Fort Yuma, and the storekeepers who sold at "greatly reduced prices" to the boys in blue, are afraid that everybody will be killed. The Arizona storekeeper does not feel safe without there is a large garrison near by to feed. This is what makes the Democratic post-trader a thorn in the side of his party. He believes the army ought to be increased.

The example set by Nye and Lincoln counties in appointing delegates will probably be followed by Lander. The central committee will meet on Saturday and it is understood to favor Wren and Daggett. Although aware of the admissibility of such appointment in certain cases, it always appears to us a confession of weakness upon the part of the favored one. The *Enterprise* was right in advising a vote, and wrong in its endorsement of the Crawford plan.

The Eastern press has descended upon Dennis Kearney, and the fur is flying in all directions. The papers have discovered that California's greatest production is a bombastic, conceited, ignorant fool, crazy on the subject of himself, without ideas, and as coarse, profane and violent as the ordinary drunk in the calaboose. This is a nice way to talk of a man who has lost the people and press of San Francisco for a whole year, defied the authorities, and actually caused the *Call* to lose more than a thousand subscribers. He is a great man, is Dennis Kearney. If you don't believe it, ask Dennis Kearney or the San Francisco *Chronicle*. The press can't have a meaner opinion of Dennis than Dennis has of the press. From what they have so far seen of one another, perhaps both are justified in their opinions.

D. Dalziel, formerly proprietor of the San Francisco *Mail*, brought out a play in New York lately, and the *Spirit of the Times* said the audience that attended it was "too small to be out alone" so late at night. Dalziel stole the play from a poor Bohemian in Australia, and although he is incapable of writing a sentence of decent English, palmed it off as his own, and was properly punished. He is now taking tickets at the door for the Lings, one of whom, Miss Dickie, is unlucky enough to be the wife of the little fraud.

Our fearless contemporary, the *Journal*, has discovered that there is something worth examining into in the matter of the Ricard jury, and calls upon Judge Wright to explain. One has to be up very early in the morning to get ahead of such an enterprising newspaper as the *Journal*. It finds out things amazingly quick. It isn't like some journals that lie back behind a bank of silence while another newspaper does the fighting and then comes out with a feeble little hurrah on the side of the victor. That isn't the kind of a paper the *Journal* is. Even bo'd, out-spoken and prompt to condemn wrong, even at the loss of patronage, the *Journal* is a contemporary that the *Gazette* is proud of.

There are not a few army officers, the Washington *Star* thinks, who really believe that the government is anxious for the occasion to pursue an aggressive policy toward Mexico. The people living on this bank of the Rio Grande would doubtless like to know what the government would call an occasion that suited it. If the government got a Mexican bullet in its body every other day or so and saw the greaser that fired the same riding off on its horse with neatness and dispatch, it would probably find it had more occasion than was comfortable.

If there is any place on top of ground where the wholesome truths of Democracy are needed to purify the political atmosphere, that place is among the sham reformers of Washoe county. —*Eureka Sentinel*.

No doubt, and if there is any Democrat on top of ground who needs to be instructed in the wholesome truths of common-honesty, that man is the pledge-breaker of Eureka, a person who carries his conscience in his pocket and his brains in his cheek.

Kearny has a "private secretary." Och, be the powers, Dennis, but yeroisin in the world.

The troops have been withdrawn from the neighborhood of Fort Yuma, and the storekeepers who sold at "greatly reduced prices" to the boys in blue, are afraid that everybody will be killed. The Arizona storekeeper does not feel safe without there is a large garrison near by to feed. This is what makes the Democratic post-trader a thorn in the side of his party. He believes the army ought to be increased.

The San Francisco *Chronicle* grows merry over the fact that the *Times* called the words "foolish nonsense." Says the *Chronicle*: "It evidently makes a great deal of difference to the *Times* from whose lips high-flown expressions come. At one time they are eloquent, at another nonsensical." Indeed it does. Coming from Ingersoll in a magnificent flood of language, that sort of sentence was not out of tune; but sandwiched between Dennis' bogue-laden blackguardism, it had all the effect of a silly patch on a pair of corduroys or an honest editorial on the *Chronicle*'s second page.

The example set by Nye and Lincoln counties in appointing delegates will probably be followed by Lander. The central committee will meet on Saturday and it is understood to favor Wren and Daggett. Although aware of the admissibility of such appointment in certain cases, it always appears to us a confession of weakness upon the part of the favored one. The *Enterprise* was right in advising a vote, and wrong in its endorsement of the Crawford plan.

The Eastern press has descended upon Dennis Kearney, and the fur is flying in all directions. The papers have discovered that California's greatest production is a bombastic, conceited, ignorant fool, crazy on the subject of himself, without ideas, and as coarse, profane and violent as the ordinary drunk in the calaboose. This is a nice way to talk of a man who has lost the people and press of San Francisco for a whole year, defied the authorities, and actually caused the *Call* to lose more than a thousand subscribers.

The Little Nautilus, from Beverly, Massachusetts, June 12th, has arrived at Havre, having accomplished the passage in fifty-six days. The Nautilus will be taken to the Paris Exposition.

In Chicago two fire engines collided at 6 o'clock yesterday morning, killing fireman George Rau and badly injuring fireman Shaughnessy. Both engines were running to a fire and met on a corner.

The Prince Imperial has been betrothed to Princess Thyrat of Denmark.

The Rhodope insurgents declare that they will resist to the last man the enforcement of the decision of the Berlin Congress.

Three of the Union Pacific train robbers have been convicted and sentenced at Rawlins, Wyoming, to five, seven and nine years imprisonment, respectively.

Warren Smith, through the Rowing Association, challenges any man in America, Hanlon and Courtney excepted, to row a three-mile race at Bedford Basin, N. S., for \$500 a mile.

Dennis Kearney, on the 5th, addressed a large and noisy crowd in Faneuil Hall, in his shirt sleeves.

A terrible storm visited Washington, D. C., on the 5th, unroofing some fifty houses and flooding the cellars with water. A number of houses were struck by lightning. The damage is estimated at \$75,000.

The inhabitants of Bosnia and Herzegovina are collecting in bands as the Austrians advance, and promise a good deal of trouble.

A man named O'Brien was drowned in a water tank at Los Palmas, Cal., on the Southern Pacific railroad on the 3d.

The Austrians are meeting with armed resistance at several points in Bosnia, seventy of them being killed at one place.

The British ship Kate Kelioch, from San Francisco for Liverpool, having sprung a leak, was abandoned in latitude 55 deg. south, longitude 79 deg. west.

Twenty-eight new cases of yellow fever at New Orleans on the 5th, and twelve deaths. The President of the Board of Health has issued orders that no more reports of new cases be furnished the press.

Hendricks opened the Democratic campaign in Indiana at Indianapolis on the 6th.

An over issue of \$100,000 of Pennsylvania State bonds has been discovered. The bonds were issued in 1853.

The Chinese Embassy will reach Washington in September.

The Chicago shoemakers have struck for an increase of wages from \$9 to \$12 per week.

A Pottsville, Pa., dispatch states that the miners at Big Mountain colliery have struck for a ten cents advance, which has been refused.

Thirty-five new cases of yellow fever at New Orleans on the 6th, with five deaths.

At a Cabinet meeting on the 6th, affairs on the Mexican border were discussed, but no further instructions issued to General Ord. It is reported that the Mexicans are organizing companies to repel United States forces crossing the Rio Grande.

Chicago distillers are astonished that the distillers of Peoria and Cincinnati can undersell them, and demand an official investigation.

Four delegates to the State Convention at New Orleans who attempted to sell their votes were expelled.

Another Indian Agent—Hughes, of Chicago—has come to grief under Hammond's investigation and been allowed to resign. He is the one whom the Indians wanted to drown a few weeks ago.

Work on the Dayton, Sheridan and Grande Ronde Railroad, in Oregon, is being pushed rapidly forward. The company expect to have the road completed to Sheridan by September 1st, and to Dallas by October 1st.

CONDENSED TELEGRAMS.

John P. Hoyt of Michigan has been appointed Governor of Idaho.

Vernon Bros' paper mill, at Paper Mill village, at Northampton, Mass., burned yesterday morning. Loss, \$12,000.

An installment of Mexican awards will be paid claimants at the State Department on and after September 5th.

A Russian magazine exploded on Wednesday at Fratesti, Roumania, killing a number of persons and doing great damage to property.

RENO WEEKLY GAZETTE.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY
—BY—
ALEXANDER & HAYDEN,
PROPRIETORS.

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AGENTS:

Geo. M. MOTT, is our only authorized Agent at Sacramento. He is empowered to make contracts, collect and receipt for all advertisements from this place, published in the *Daily Weekly Gazette*.

L. P. FISHER, 21 Merchants' Exchange, is duly authorized to act as our agent in San Francisco.

RENO AROUSED.

The Respectable Citizens Organize in the Interest of Public Safety.

Last evening over a hundred of the best citizens of Reno met at the District court-room. There had been no public announcement, but the conduct of the so-called "Workingmen" in notifying the Chinamen that they must either leave town peacefully or they would be forced to do so, roused the business men and other respectable members of the community to a sense of their duty, and that notification that a meeting would be held was given around quietly. Upon the meeting being called to order, the situation was thoroughly discussed. The prevalent belief was that there was more to be feared from incendiarism than riot, as it could not be believed that any man who had his living to earn in Washoe county would lend a hand in an open row. Several present conversations they had had during the day with leaders of the Workingmen's party, and they had disclaimed any sympathy with the outrageous talk at the Sunday night gathering. On the other hand, gentlemen quoted language from those very same fellows which showed them to be in full accord with Messrs. Wellman and White. It was feared that tramps, hearing of the threatened riot, would gather in from all quarters, and do their best to help keep up the excitement by violence and fire. Finally the meeting elected a Captain, districted the town and appointed lieutenants. Other important plans for concert of action were agreed upon, and the meeting adjourned. The town is now thoroughly patrolled at night, and it will go hard with any workingman found toiling as a fire-bug.

"CANTY" HEARD FROM.

Reno's Particular Pest Bound for California.

William Saulsbury, otherwise "Canty," the man who shot the Chinaman, beat the Chinaman brutally with his pistol and, as is generally believed, fired Chinatown on Saturday night last, has been heard from. A GAZETTE reporter was informed to-day by several reputable citizens that John Fitch, the well-known stock man of Janesville, Lassen county, California, while on his way hither yesterday on horseback met Canty afoot on the Sierra Valley road. The despoiler, who had told Mr. Fitch about the Reno fire, and coolly added that it would not be the last of the big blazes to which this town would be treated within a few weeks. None of our town or county officers are on his track. The officials of the surrounding town have been written to by Sheriff Lamb, and furnished with a written description of the one-armed terror, and it is hoped that he will be caught, landed in jail and brought back in perfect safety.

WORKINGMAN WELLMAN.

How he Scared the Folks on Monday Evening.

Mr. Wellman, who is a Working-man, appears to be a very formidable and bloodthirsty person, although also noted for piety. Last evening about half past 8 o'clock, the toiler in question was conversing with a gentleman in the postoffice when he suddenly started not only everybody present, but attracted the attention of passers-by on the sidewalk by breaking out into excited oratory. Mere type can't do justice to the noble stump style of Workingman Wellman. "I tell you, gentlemen," he roared, "I am tired of the Chinese, tired of their heathenism. I came to this country a poor man; but all I have saved I am willing to sacrifice, nay, and my life too, and leave my wife and child, whom I love as dearly as any man, if I can help to rid my country of the Chinese. Why we tolerate a system that is worse than hundred times than African slavery, which deluged the land with graves yet dripping with gore and spent millions of treasury. I'm willing to die to free the Pacific coast of this curse!" Nobody fled.

Since the close of the late civil war at Marietta (Ga.) Field says, nearly half a million pounds of bullets have been gathered from the battle fields near that town. One man has shipped 60,000 pounds.

MICHAEL REESE'S WILL.

The Old Gentleman's Magnificent Bequests.

Michael Reese, whose death has occurred at Wallenstein, Germany, leaves an estate approximated at \$10,000,000. With the exception of Senator Sharon, he was the largest real estate owner in San Francisco. Before leaving that city for Europe, he made and executed on the 17th of March last, what is believed to be his last will and testament. It contains the following bequests:

To the State University of California, \$650,000, to be expended by the Board of Regents as they may deem proper; to the Protestant Orphan Asylum, \$25,000; to the Hebrew Orphan Asylum, \$25,000; Ladies' Protection and Relief Society, \$25,000; Catholic Orphan Asylum, \$25,000; Lying in Hospital, \$15,000, with Robert C. Johnson appointed as trustee; Joseph Rosenberg, his nephew, who holds his power of attorney here, \$30,000; to Max Frank, another nephew, employed in his office, \$25,000; Mr. Leonard, clerk, \$25,050; Mrs. Dr. Eckel, \$25,000; to each of his five sisters in Chicago, \$25,000. The estate is to be sold and realized upon as soon as practicable, and the residue, after paying the above bequests, is to be equally divided among his heirs, Joseph Rosenberg, nephew, of San Francisco, and Mr. Rosenberg, brother-in-law, residing in Chicago are appointed executors. This will was signed and sealed about the 17th of March last, and D. O. Mills and Wm. Alvord are its signers as witnesses. Before his departure, Mr. Reese presented his nephew, Joseph Rosenberg, with a large amount, ranging between \$20,000 and \$50,000, in government bonds, gas and water stocks. Decreas left an indebtedness of \$1,020,000 in call loans.

Rattlesnake vs. Whisky.

The Nevada Transcript says: On Friday last, as George Terhune, a teamster, was on his way from this city to North Bloomfield, and had reached a point just beyond the residence of John Dunn, Selby Flat, he stopped by the wayside at a spring to get a drink of water. Stooping, he placed his right hand on the ground in order to maintain his equilibrium, when instantly a rattlesnake darted out from some bushes, and with its deadly fang pierced the forefinger on the middle joint. Mr. Terhune killed the snake, which was three feet in length, and had eight rattles and one button. Rushing to the wagon, he drew the bung from a keg of whisky that was aboard, and commenced to drink the contents. He drank all he possibly could of the strong spirits, and then taking some tobacco from his pocket, saturated it in whisky, making a poultice, in which he wrapped the injured hand. He then started his team, and from then till he reached the Kengoe house he continued to drink. There is no doubt but he drank enough of the ardent to set half of Nevada city crazy drunk; but it had no effect on him. He was sober as a judge when he reached the last-named place. Then he took off the bandage, occasionally stopping for another swallow of whisky. The flesh around the wound had turned green. Then he drank and again replaced the bandage. It was no use—the drunk wouldn't come; but what was much better, the fatal effects of the rattlesnake's bite had been counteracted. Mr. Terhune was in town yesterday, as well and healthy and sober as ever.

The May-Bennett Duel.

James Gordon Bennett arrived home a few days ago, and was immediately surrounded by a dozen newspaper interviewers. At first he refused to be interviewed, but finally consented to say something about the May-Bennett duel. Removing his hat he showed where a bullet had struck him in the occiput, passed through the brain and came out of his forehead just above the left eye. The reporter was permitted to insert his lead pencil six inches in the cavity left by the bullet. Mr. B. then unbuttoned his shirt-band and displayed where he was shot in the neck—an ugly scar; and tearing open his shirt front exposed another gaping wound. A bullet had entered his left breast, tore through his heart, and came out under the left shoulder-blade. Mr. Bennett took his small rattan cane, poked it in the aperture, and drew it out on the other side. These are all the wounds he received. His escape from death is looked upon as a miracle. Mr. May, according to Mr. Bennett's statement, also escaped with slight injuries. His right leg was carried away, the top of his head shot off, and his carotid artery perforated. That was all; and yet it must have hurt him.—N. Y. Sun:

Double Drowning Accident.

A railroad section man was drowned in the Truckee while bathing, at Boca yesterday, and also another at Camp 24. The name of neither is known here. Search is being made for the bodies Monday.

Donald Dinnie, in games at Glasgow, Scotland, June 20th, put the 22-pound shot 46 feet, threw the 17-pound hammer 117 feet, 4 inches, the 23-pound hammer 97 feet, and put up a 168-pound dumbbell.

MONDAY MORNING'S FIRE.

S. M. Webber's Stable Burned—Incendiarism Suspected.

On Monday morning at half-past six the town was aroused by another alarm of fire, and the stable of S. M. Webber at the western end of Commercial Row, was found to be in flames. The fire burned very fiercely, sending a great body of smoke and flame high into the air. The hand engine was soon at work and prevented the neighboring houses from taking fire. Locomotive 48 ran down, but did not turn on a stream as it would have been useless. Within twenty minutes of the sounding of the alarm the building was ashes. There were two horses in the stable, and one was burned to death. The other managed to make its escape and rushed frantically for the river. The poor beast's hide was smoking as it ran into the water and dashed across and galloped away. The animal was recovered this afternoon. Great pieces of skin are burned from its sides and haunches, and its face is also badly scorched. It is probable, however, that the horse will recover. Mr. Webber's loss is between \$400 and \$500, with no insurance. It is suspected that an incendiary is responsible for this fire. Yesterday morning Mr. Webber's son found a quantity of burned paper upon a pile of harness lying on the floor. A piece of board had been torn off and the paper thrust through the opening. The harness kept the fire from the floor. Yesterday morning two young men of the neighborhood discovered the adjoining barn of Mr. Morgan beginning to burn, and stamped out the flames, which came from a pile of rags and paper laid on the ground against the side of the barn. On Saturday night as Mr. Webber's family were returning from the Chinatown fire, a ball of fire was thrown through the air, and landed near a cottage close to their house. The ball was stamped. It looks as though some party or parties were bent on burning up that neighborhood.

A Woman Arrested.

Mrs. Quinn, a woman who came in on the west-bound train this morning was arrested on a charge of grand larceny, preferred by a section boy at Carlisle. He charged that his coat was lying by the track and that Mrs. Quinn and her husband picked it up and abstracted from it \$80 in greenbacks. Quinn was arrested at Wadsworth, and the woman here. She stoutly denied the theft, declaring that there was no need for her to steal, as she had plenty of money of her own—which a search proved, for she had on her person about \$1,000 in gold, a handsome watch and chain, and valuable jewelry. She stated that she had lived in San Francisco for more than fifteen years, and with her husband was returning from a visit to her birthplace in Canada. She was sent back to Wadsworth in charge of Deputy Sheriff Avery.

In Town.

Mr. G. Simmons, proprietor of the famous medicinal brand of Nabob whiskey is in town. Mr. Simmons is a genial Kentucky gentleman, a friend of the printer and humanity in general. Mr. S. leaves us an advertisement of his whiskey for the sale of which he has appointed Messrs. Osburn & Shoemaker sole agents for Reno and Washoe county. Connoisseurs pronounce this the finest article of the kind made, and it has received unqualified endorsement by the medical faculty. The agents here will receive a supply in a few days, when the advertisement will appear.

Fatal Stage Accident.

Hymer & Co.'s stage to Mackay & Fair's mills ran away Monday afternoon on the mountain road, killing John Parker the driver, breaking the arm of a Frenchman whose name is unknown, killing one of the horses and completely wrecking the entire outfit. The news arrived as we were going to press. Mr. Chism immediately started for the scene of the disaster.

He Was Thar.

"There's Governor Bradley," exclaimed a citizen on Commercial Row this morning.

"Whar?" excitedly inquired a Gazette reporter.

""Thar," said the citizen.

"Well, I said," cried the astonished journalist.

Werry 'Ot Hindread!

"This 'ere is hijus," was the observation of an English tourist with a cork hat and goggles, on Virginia street, this afternoon. He referred to the temperature, and further exclaimed, "Blawst me, yah know," as he wiped his British brow.

A Murderous Fool.

ST. PAUL (Minn.), Aug. 3.—A Pioneer Press special says: Edgar Van de Car, shot his mistress, named Frankie Clark, in a bagnio in Moorehead today, and afterward attempted to shoot the Sheriff who arrested him, but the pistol snapped. The girl is in a dangerous condition. She is the daughter of a soldier in the Twentieth Infantry. Jealousy was the motive.

—Tramps are numerous about town. Be particular about the fastenings of doors and windows.

JUDGE WRIGHT.

The "Gazette" Sustained by the County Commissioners.

A SEVERE BUT MERITED REBUKE

His Honor's Order for the Payment of the Ricard Jvry Fees Countermanded—Some Plain Talk in the Board.

The Board of County Commissioners held an adjourned meeting to-day, Mr. Hymer in the chair.

Auditor Williams appeared before the Board and stated that he was in considerable doubt as to the course he should take in reference to the certificates for jury fees.

District Attorney Cain stated in reply to inquiries from the members of the Board, that there was no law authorizing the District Judge to order the issue of certificates for jury fees. In the matter of the fees of the jurors in the Ricard case Mr. Cain suggested that to save them from loss they might assign their claims to the County Commissioners, and that the Commissioners could then bring suit against General Clarke, the counsel for Ricard, who was responsible for the fees.

Mr. Hymer said that if the Commissioners had any jurisdiction in the premises, the county should not pay one cent of the money.

The District Attorney read the law of 1871 allowing the Auditor to pay jury fees on a certificate from the County Clerk on the order of the Court. That law had been repealed 1873. If there was no money in the Jury Fund (which there is not) they must be paid from the General Fund.

The only way to reach the County Commissioners is through the Board of County Commissioners.

Commissioner Hymer observed that he couldn't see why the whole difficulty might not be settled by making an order obliging jurors to present claims to the Board like any other creditors of the county.

There followed considerable discussion on the effect such an order would have upon the value of the juror's claims. Commissioner Ross suggested that the jurors from a distance would be obliged to sell their claims at a great discount.

Mr. Hymer was not in favor of making any class of men preferred creditors. He knew that a claim against the county was as good as gold and he didn't think the jurors would lose much. They could get informal certificates from the County Clerk, and could easily sell them.

Mr. Ross said that if they could make an order that would reach the civil cases he would be in favor of it. He didn't propose that the county should pay an individual debt.

Mr. Cain observed that so far as the Ricard jurors were concerned they could sue Clark.

Upon further discussion it was proposed to make an order excluding only the Ricard certificates, and wait for the next legislature to straighten out the law before taking general action.

Some curiosity was expressed to know just how Judge Wright had come to issue such an extraordinary order. Commissioner Hymer stated that he was present in the office of the County Clerk when Judge Wright had issued his mandate. He said: "Mr. Clerk, you will finish up the business of the term. Issue certificates to the jurors." No mention was made of the Ricard case in particular.

Upon fully talking over the matter the Board decided to break up the illegal business altogether, and unanimously adopted the following:

Ordered that the County Clerk issue on the jury certificates hereafter to be issued to jurors the amount that is due them in the case of Ricard vs. C. P. R. R. And it appearing to the Board of County Commissioners that the mode of auditing jury fees by the County Auditor heretofore practiced before the same have been passed upon and allowed, is illegal, it is further ordered that the County Auditor be requested not to audit any further bill against the county for jurors' fees until the same shall have been examined and passed upon by the Board of County Commissioners.

BILLS ALLOWED.

The Board allowed the following bills in addition to those named in yesterday's GAZETTE:

S. Bishop, county physician..... \$ 50 00
S. Bishop, for road work and blacksmithing..... 9 75
L. H. Martin, building road..... 38 00
D. B. Bowen, his steward..... 191 00
Wm. Cain, District Attorney fees..... 25 00
S. Beamer, road work..... 25 00
G. Cutting, 1 cord wood..... 7 00
Reno Gas Co., gas for courthouse..... 10 20
Chas. Johnston, taking patients to hospital..... 5 00
E. A. Vesey, board prisoners..... 102 90
J. B. Williams, Auditor fees..... 65 75
A. L. Bancroft & Co., stationery..... 50 00
Chas. Knust, stationery..... 11 75
Sanders & Neal, burying indigent dead..... 50 00
Aleson Dawson, examining insane..... 5 00
Wm. Bergman, examining insane..... 5 00

The report of the Road Supervisor

and District Attorney on Front street was submitted, showing that a number of parties had encroached some twenty feet on the roadway. Laid over for further consideration.

The Commissioners decided to visit the county hospital, and had not finished their tour of inspection at the hour of going to press.

CONDENSED TELEGRAMS.

The Maston bank, of Kansas City, has suspended.

Dennis Kearney is making a sensation in Boston.

A split is threatened in the Democratic party of Mississippi.

The International Monetary Congress will open at Paris August 10th.

There were thirty-six new cases of yellow fever and seven deaths at New Orleans on the 2d.

The investigation into the labor question by the Congressional committee is progressing in New York.

The Cosmopolitan Hotel, San Francisco, will be conducted on the European plan in the future.

The jury failed to agree in the Bigelow trial at Eureka, Nevada, after being out sixty-one hours.

The sale of the new four per cent. bonds on Friday amounted to \$7,000,000, and Saturday to \$3,107,950.

The Potter Committee will resume its investigations in New York City on the 12th inst.

At the Buffalo Driving Park yesterday, Rarus trotted a mile in the parallel time of 2:13 1/4.

On the 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th of October the Humboldt county agricultural fair will be held at Ferndale.

The jury in the Chartre case at Eureka returned a verdict of murder in the second degree.

John M. Burchard, of California, has been appointed agent for the Malheur Commissioners.

RENO WEEKLY GAZETTE.

LOCAL AFFAIRS.

GENERAL CITIZENS.

Reno Must Have a Pavilion and Special Premiums.

The meeting of citizens at the Opera house Friday night was well attended. Wm. Duck occupied the chair. The object of the meeting was stated by Mr. Beck to be an effort to enlist the interest of the citizens in the success of the approaching fair. Mr. Beck considered that what the citizens should first see to was the erection of a pavilion for the proper display of exhibits. The freight depot heretofore used was not suitable. The citizens of Reno should have a permanent building. The whole cost would not be above \$5000. The offering of special premiums should also be attended to. Mr. Chamberlain explained that his visit to Carson had been at the instance of California horsemen, and not to seek any compromise on behalf of Reno. The turfmen won't attend the Carson fair unless the time is changed. Reno doesn't need to ask any odds of Carson. If the latter doesn't accommodate her time to ours, her fair will be a failure. Several prominent citizens spoke, and the Chairman was authorized to appoint a committee to solicit subscriptions for the pavilion and present the scheme in a definite form at a subsequent meeting. The following gentlemen were appointed: L. L. Crockett, D. McFarland, C. A. Bragg, A. H. Manning and T. K. Hymers. Upon motion of L. L. Crockett a committee was appointed to solicit special premiums. The Chair named Charles Knust, H. L. Fish and C. A. Richardson. J. F. Alexander, J. B. Williams and Morris Ash were appointed a committee of three to act upon giving a grand ball to help the pavilion scheme along. Subscriptions were called for there and then, with the following result: C. C. Powning, \$100; C. S. Varian, \$50; H. H. Beck, \$100; L. L. Crockett, \$50; W. R. Chamberlain, \$100; J. F. Alexander, \$100; Dave McFarland, \$50; H. L. Fish, \$100; C. S. Martin, \$10; C. A. Bragg & Co. \$100; J. B. Williams, \$50; James Sullivan, \$25; Barnett Bros. \$25; John McGinnis, \$20; T. V. Julian, \$10; A. K. Lamb, \$50; S. A. Gibson, \$25; Al. White, \$25; M. Sanders, \$20; Winchell & Cunningham, \$25; T. K. Hymers, \$50; J. L. McFarlin, \$100; Total, \$185. The meeting adjourned to Friday evening next.

Narrow Gauge to the Comstock.

The question of a narrow gauge railroad from Reno to Virginia is being stirred up again. In 1871 Gott, Haist, county surveyor of Storey, made a survey of the route. The map was sent to England, and the necessary money would have been put up, but for the fact that the V. & T. R. R. bought the intending investors off. The road surveyed by Mr. Haist winds from Virginia by way of the Ophir grade south, round the mountain and across the ridge by the toll house. It thence takes the western slope of the mountain along by the Summit House in a northerly direction, to a point 300 feet above Magnolia station, from which a straight shoot can be taken past the buttes at Hufaker's and then on to Reno. The distance is less than thirty miles, and the grade an easy and practicable one. A route parallel to the one above mentioned is equally practicable, and is the one which will probably be adopted.

Road Matters.

Road Supervisor Beemer has cleared his section of the Peavine road of rocks, and it is now a pleasant drive. The attention of Mr. Beemer is called to the necessity of having the road from town to the fair ground in first-class trim in good season, so that no growling may be heard when the show opens. W. A. Morrison, of Glendale, has been authorized to expend \$500 on the north Glendale road. Work has already been begun, five teams being engaged. It will not take long to make the repairs, which are very badly needed. The road between town and the State prison will shortly be repaired. While upon the subject of roads it may be well to inquire what is being done about the proposed county aid of \$150 to the people of Surprise valley, they to furnish the rest of the amount needed to put the road through Roop county in proper condition.

Personal.

Charles F. Bicknell, Clerk of the Supreme Court, was in Reno Friday. He came to meet a long-lost brother whom he has not seen for twenty years. We have reckoned Mr. B. among our valued acquaintances for the past fifteen years. He has been Clerk of the Supreme Court for two or three terms, and can remain in the position for ten more terms if he lives long enough. There is not a Republican conceded enough to seek the nomination as against Bicknell, and no Democrat who wears hair can beat him at the polls.

The Fenian Kelly, has been liberated from Mountjoy prison, Dublin.

JUDGE WRIGHT

Makes a Very Remarkable Order.

He Instructs the County Clerk to Issue Certificates for the Juror's Fees in the Ricard Case—Cooily Giving Away the People's Money.

Editor Gazette: I wish to call attention to the matter of the jury fees in the case of Ricard vs. the Central Pacific, R. R. Co., as I am informed upon what I consider reliable authority that the fees are about to be paid out of the funds of the county on the order of the Hon. District Judge. Now, if such things can be done, why have we a statute providing that the jury fees in civil cases shall be paid by the prevailing party? It has been suggested that there is a job in this; in fact, it is asserted by some that the attorney for plaintiff in the case referred to has the case on a contingent fee, and that the Judge is interested in fastening the costs on the county and thus protecting the purse of his friend, the attorney. Of course the people will not believe that the Judge would so grossly outrage his high position, but the question is not answered, and I believe the people have a right to question the acts of their servants and therefore I ask again why it is that our county treasury should be sacked and pilfered contrary to law and in the interest of one who pompously assured the Court and jury that "as soon as the bank opened on the morrow, money would be had and the fees paid."

As report now says that the Judge has ordered the Clerk to certify the fees to the Auditor with a view of having them paid out of the county treasury. I believe the interests of the public would be served by ascertaining the facts and publishing them. If it is not true that the Judge assisted in fastening these fees on the county, the public should know it. Give the people the facts, Mr. GAZETTE.

ALFALFA.

Brown's Station, Aug. 1st, 1878.

THE COUNTY CLERK INTERVIEWED.

While knowing that the whole fee in the Ricard case has been managed in a very loose manner, reflecting anything but credit upon General Clarke, the attorney for plaintiff, and fearing that Judge Wright's conduct in the premises would give rise to complications, we had no idea that the gentleman would take it upon himself to calmly give away some \$350 of the people's money, in defiance of the law, and, indeed, common decency. A GAZETTE reporter, upon the receipt of "Alfalfa's" letter, was dispatched to the Court House to ascertain the facts in the case from County Clerk Comstock.

The reporter inquired whether Judge Wright had made an order for the issuance of certificates to the jurors especially.

"Well," said Mr. Comstock, visibly annoyed, "I don't want any more trouble, and I haven't issued any yet."

"Then he has made the order?"

"Yes."

"A formal order, entered up on the Court minutes?"

"It amounts to the same thing. He told me to make out certificates for all back jury fees and clear up the business, not mentioning the Ricard jurors especially."

"You look upon these instructions as an order of Court?"

"Certainly. When the certificates shall be called for I don't feel that I shall have any power to refuse."

"You think that if you did you would be guilty of contempt?"

"Yes," said Mr. Comstock, "that is the way I look at it."

The gentleman explained his manner of keeping accounts with jurors, and disclaimed all responsibility in the matter in which the reporter was chiefly interested.

THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

The reporter next sought District Attorney Cain. That official expressed unaffected astonishment on learning from the reporter that Judge Wright had made the remarkable order.

"He had no right to do anything of the sort. I never heard of this before. Are you sure there isn't some mistake?"

The reporter explained the substance of the conversation he had had with the County Clerk but a few moments before. Then Mr. Cain said that Mr. Wright had no more right to issue that order than the reporter had. In the District Attorney's opinion the matter lay entirely between General Clark and the jurors. What the jurors ought to have done was to hold out for their fees before allowing the verdict to be recorded. In not doing so they had allowed Clarke to get the best of them. "Of course," said Mr. Cain, "it was perfectly natural for the jurors to trust to the honor of a man of General Clarke's position. Judge Wright has clearly violated the law. He has no right to issue certificates for jurors' fees under any circumstances. The law of 1871 permitted

him to do it, but that law was repealed in 1873. Under the present law, a juror's fees are like other claims against the county, and to be collected in the same way."

A LITTLE SARCASM.

In conversation subsequently with a leading merchant, the reporter was inspired with much admiration for the warm heart of Judge Wright. "The Judge," said the merchant, "was always generous. He don't want to see those poor jurors lose their fees. They evidently can't get them out of Clarke."

"Then if he feels so much sympathy for the jurors, why don't he pay the coin out of his own pocket?"

"He hasn't told me," replied the merchant.

Taking all the circumstances into consideration, it would, perhaps, be well for Mr. Comstock to follow the advice already given him by one county official, and not issue any certificates until the meeting of the County Commissioners, which will take place on Monday.

A OLD MAN GARROTED.

Saturday morning a little before one o'clock an old man named Harrison was attacked by a brace of footpads who garroted him in a style that showed them to be professionals. They didn't hurt him much, but took from his person a watch for which he had paid \$20 during the day. The old gentleman had carelessly shown a considerable sum of money in several saloons during the day. No doubt the ruffians who afterwards robbed him saw the wealth and made up their minds to have it. Fortunately Harrison had deposited most of his money with a friend before undergoing the interview which has left him with a sore neck and considerably poorer. The officers are hunting up the garrotes, with hopes of success, as Harrison thinks he will be able to recognize them. The garroting occurred at the corner of Virginia and Second streets.

Tuley Tatties.

Frank Dickinson (old Tuley himself) is in from Winnemucca Valley. He says he will have from 3,000 to 4,000 bushels of grain. George Hepperly, the Washoe scout, has also a large crop of grain in prospect. His conduct is good and his body is in excellent condition. Tuley declares that Pyramid will poll a hundred votes this fall—all for Greeley. He brought in the ragged remains of an old story which he had the face to represent as new, but one glance at its teeth showed it to be at least thirty years of age. Upon this discovery being made and publicly proclaimed, the great man was writh.

OFF FOR THE LAKES.

To-day a party composed of W. F. Edwards and wife, Misses May and Kate Benham and L. S. Burchard departed by private conveyance for Webber and Independence lakes. The party will camp out, and hunt and fish, and break the necks off bottles and things, and have a good time generally. The GAZETTE feels a peculiar interest in this party, as Mr. Edwards is foreman of the office, and Mr. Burchard represents the beauty and fashion of the establishment.

A FEARFUL SCENE.

Wild screams of agony shook the windows of Sierra street Saturday afternoon and brought the startled inhabitants to the doors. It was only a Chinaman and a pig. The heathen had the bulge on the brute, in the shape of a stout rope attached to one of its hind legs and the screams were caused by whacks from a club—the reward of piggy's frantic efforts to escape into decent society.

OPUM DENS PULLED.

Friday night Ah Lung, Ah Yung and Ewey Wing, three boss pipe owners of Chinatown, were arrested for keeping opium dens, and the cases were being tried before Judge Richardson as the GAZETTE went to press. Several young white men who were found smoking in the filthy holes when the raid was made, hastily skipped the town this morning for fear of being called upon as witnesses. Their conduct, at least, showed that they had some shame left.

MASHING MADE EASY.

Young men desiring to be engaged to pretty girls should lay pipes for invitations to join family camping parties. There is something in the piney odor of the mountain air, the lapping of the waters of the lake upon the pebbly shore, the—the—the—general yum-yum of the romantic situation in fact, that is favorable to mashing.

MR. NORTON'S CONDITION.

Mr. Norton's condition is not so hopeful as it was a few days ago. His physicians now take a more despondent view of his case, although they have not yet relinquished the hope of a temporary rally.

Before a Russian officer registers at a hotel nowadays, he always inquires, "Ees ze terrible reportare here?"

At Leeds, England, a Mrs. Anderson recently walked 1,200 miles in 1,000 hours.

CHINATOWN DESTROYED.

AN INCENDIARY STARTS THE FIRE—A VERY LIVELY BLAZE.

All the Chinamen Ordered by the Workingmen to Leave Town.

On Saturday night about 9:30 o'clock a fire broke out in the store and lodging house of Hop Kee, in Chinatown, on the north side, a few doors from the corner of Virginia street, and in an hour's time there was not a shanty standing on either side of the street, as far up as Center street. Chinatown was wiped out. A woman was at the bottom of the conflagration. As near as diligent inquiry on the part of a GAZETTE reporter can develop, it appears that a one-armed man named W. Saulsbury, alias "Canty," well known in this region as a desperate character, ever ready to shoot, and with a bloody record, entered Hop Kee's shop and endeavored to get a can of coal oil on credit. This was refused. Canty then began teasing a Chinawoman. Her husband, or lover, came in and objected. This roused Canty's wrath, and drawing his revolver, he shot the hostile heathen through the cheek, knocking out several of his teeth. This accomplished, Canty struck the Chinawoman across the forehead with his pistol, cutting a long deep gash, and laying her insensible upon the floor. As he ran to the door, the desperado knocked over a lamp. The burning oil spread over the floor, and in an instant the flimsy shanty was in a blaze. Canty made his escape and was last seen on the road early yesterday morning, a few miles this side of Verdi. The officers and private parties are scouring the country for the fellow, but up to this writing he has not been captured. It is generally believed that there will be a warm time when Canty is sighted, for most people believe that he won't be taken alive.

SPREAD OF THE FIRE.

The fire spread very rapidly. The steam and hand engine took their places on Virginia street, near the iron bridge, and devoted their energies chiefly to saving the surrounding houses, that being more important than wasting water on the blazing shanties. Locomotive No. 48, took care of the Center street end, saving the gas works and the residences in that quarter. Very little damage was done to anything outside the heathen quarter, except to the gas works, which suffered to the extent of about \$800, the high fence, the wooden doors and a large quantity of material being destroyed. The danger of the fire spreading was at one time very great, but the energy of the firemen prevented such a catastrophe.

THE LOSS.

The half hundred frame shanties burned belonged to M. C. Lake, D. H. Haskell and Manning & Duck. Owing to the inflammable character of the huts and their occupation by Chinamen, notoriously careless about fire, there was little or no insurance. The whole fifty structures were not worth more than \$4,000. Quite a number of the Chinese storekeepers had quite heavy stocks of goods, and their loss will foot up between \$10,000 and \$15,000.

During the progress of the fire all sorts of rumors were afloat, one among them that a Chinaman and a Chinawoman had been burned to death. No traces of the bodies have been found, however.

H. B. Maxon was knocked down by a rafter and nearly suffocated by the smoke. He was got out in time however.

Although the conflagration is a rough deal on the heathen in our midst, there never was a fire anywhere that caused less regret. A foul spot has been cleaned out, for all that is left of the filthy quarter is a vast multitude of blackened tin cans of all shapes and sizes, and an occasional ruined stock.

THE TRUE STORY.

Since the above was in type the GAZETTE reporter has received from officer Ross a version of the origin of the fire which has not gained currency and which relates that blood-thirsty bad man "Canty" from the blame of starting the fire. Mr. Ross states that after the shooting of the Chinaman and the striking of the Chinawoman he was sent for and on going to Hop Kee's place found the two wounded persons and was told that the injured Chinaman, before his wounds had swollen so that he could not speak, had accused Canty of the shooting. About twenty minutes later Ross who was on the outside heard a crash of glass, which might have been caused by the overturning of a lamp, and on running in found the place on fire. Through the smoke he saw a fellow known as Jack Weiss in a little hallway that ran between Hop Kee's place and Ewey Wing's opium den with a quantity of some burning stuff in his hands scattering it around upon the floor and against the walls. Ross rushed for him, but Weiss was too quick, slamming the door in his face and escaping. He was afterwards arrested and now in jail. Several other parties were also arrested but will probably be released, as there is no proof but only suspicion so far against them.

Mr. Sam Mayers desires to return his hearty thanks to those who so energetically worked to save his property, and so well succeeded.

THE UNHAPPY HEATHEN.

JOTTINGS.

Do the decent thing when the pavilion committee calls upon you. Reno ought to have it.

The Nevada Transcript says that Charles Ken and Louis Schmidt have come to Reno to purchase cattle.

Governor Bradley is in town, adding his venerable beauty to the general loveliness of the town.

Workingman Wellman was one of the incendiary emissaries to White's canyon to stir up the woodchoppers to join in a riot in Reno.

Some queer testimony was developed in the opium case to-day. These haunts are merely rendezvous for thieves and should be broken up.

Attorney General Kittrell has mortgaged to Thomas J. Read, the civil engineer, lots 21, 22 and 23, White Horse Tract, Oakland, for \$1500.

Services at the Methodist church to-morrow at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Subject for the evening: "It is a shame for women to speak in the church!"

Any suggestions as to aid or methods of securing it, will be thankfully received by the Committee appointed at the citizen's meeting last Friday night.

Garroting is a new fashion for Reno, and ought to be mildly discouraged. There are some very bad characters around town, some of them new arrivals and others are old disgraces.

There is an ugly hole in the planking of the iron bridge. One of the planks is broken in two, and a horse is liable to go down and break his leg any minute.

About half past 8 o'clock on Saturday evening a lamp upset in a house on Plaza street occupied by a family named Hanley. No particular damage was done, but considerable excitement prevailed for some minutes.

E. A. Littlefield, proprietor of the Elko Post, whose noble generosity toward Arty Brace the pugnacious paragrapher and picker up of things, was so basely returned, is in town.

Hon. Charles Kent, of Nevada City, is in town. He is over here on a visit of business and pleasure combined. When he leaves he will drive home 400 head of cattle which are now over in Jones' valley.

The Piutes are getting to be as confirmed snobs as the rest of us. They don't treat the passengers on the emigrant cars with half the deference they accord the travelers on the first-class trains.

This afternoon a wildly anxious little colt that had lost its mother went tearing wildly up and down the streets examining every horse in sight, whinnying frantically and scaring ladies and children not a little in its mad flights. It found the old lady after a while and settled down to business.

WORKINGMAN WHITE.

Reasons for His Retinence. Knowing that Mr. White, of labor fame, was an important authority upon national and international questions to a large extent, we interviewed him yesterday—knowing that he did not represent the workingmen, we still hoped to elicit some information which would set the law-abiding laborers right before the people. Mr. White smiled a serene smile at the reporter's approach, and playfully dallied with his jack-knife expectant of the journalistic assault.

"Mr. White,

UNDER FIRE.

Chinamen Bombarding a Residence on Lake Street.

The Chinamen down by the river between the two bridges have an unpleasant habit of indulging in pistol practice, using the houses across the stream as targets. This forenoon Mrs. Mark Parish was startled by a crash of glass, and going into the dining room discovered that a pistol bullet had come through the raised window, shattering two panes of glass in its progress and after knocking a kerosene lamp to pieces, lodged in the wall opposite. While the lady was viewing the pleasing prospect another bullet whizzed into the kitchen through the wall of the house, entered the pantry and perforated both sides of an oil can. Mrs. Parish, much alarmed, ran to a neighbor's, and while the two ladies were looking at the damage done, a third bullet penetrated the wall within a few feet of them. In the meantime another bullet had lodged in the wall of Rhodes barn, not far from the Parish residence, and as some men were looking at the hole the ball had made another passed over their heads. Mr. Parish was sent for and he dispatched a messenger for Sheriff Lamb. The Sheriff went down among the heathen and informed them that if another shot were fired he would arrest the whole gang. They, of course, denied having done any shooting. About half-past 12 o'clock as Mr. Parish was sitting at lunch a ball whistled past the window. Darting out he saw a Chinaman make for the bushes on the opposite side of the river, but not quick enough to prevent Mr. Parish from having a good view of his face and figure. Unfortunately the gentleman had not a weapon in the house of longer range than a shot-gun or the Chinaman would have had some of his own fun sent back to him. A short time afterwards Mr. Parish, accompanied by Constable Barlow and Deputy Sheriff Avery went to the shanties where the shooter was identified and arrested. On the way to the jail the fellow made several attempts to escape and required a good punch under the ear to make him go quietly. Other residents of Lake street and vicinity have recently been placed in danger of their lives by this reckless firing of pistols by Chinamen.

The Auburn Mill.

A new hope has been furnished to a large number of mine owners by the opening of the Auburn mill at Reno. Already a large quantity of ore has been worked at this mill, and, so far as we know, every test has proven the good qualities of the Steadefeld process there employed. Ore from the North Bonanza mine has been shipped to the mill and successfully worked. The shipments will probably be continued as long as the grade of ore holds out. A run has also been made on the Silver Monarch ore, which comes from Central District, Humboldt county. The ore is said to be very rich, and works without difficulty. Mr. Holcomb, superintendent of seven mines in Central District, was here several days, and was very much delighted with the manner in which the ore yielded.

Hon. John H. Kinkead has just brought in a car-load of ore from the Sheba mine, in Humboldt county. This ore has been passed through the Krom concentrating process, and arrives at the mill almost pure metal. The assay value of the different grades runs from \$800 down to \$200.

It appears to us that there would be great profit to many of the eastern mining camps who now sell their ore in San Francisco, to have it reduced by the Messrs. Jones & Kinkead, lessees of the Auburn mill. Their employees are as competent mill men as may be found any place, and themselves reliable and liberal business men.

Sad Railroad Accident.

A dispatch from Pittsburg, Pa., dated the 6th instant, states that the fast line on the Pittsburg, Cincinnati and St. Louis railroad, which left that city at 11:45 Tuesday night, met with a terrible accident at a point one and a half miles west of Mingo Junction, Ohio. At 1 A. M. at the point named, the fast passenger, which was twenty minutes behind time and running at the rate of forty miles an hour, collided with a freight train. The entire train, with the exception of the hotel car and sleepers, was thrown from the track and fearfully wrecked. Eleven or twelve persons are reported killed and from fifteen to twenty seriously wounded. No names have yet been received. A private dispatch informs Joseph McCormish, of Glendale, that his wife, daughter, and the daughter's two children, on their way hence from Scotland, were among the passengers. Mrs. McCormish was uninjured, but the daughter and her two little ones were badly hurt. Whether the injuries of any were fatal or not has not yet been learned.

This weather must be rough on the wood and coal dealers. A fire is a hateful sight and if the scorch continues much longer Washoe county will raise up and perspiring demand the repeal of the law against going naked.

"ONLY FOOLIN',"

Were Workingmen White and His Fellow Incendiaries.

Workingman White and his brother scamps now explain through their morning organ that they were only in fun after all when they gave the Chinese notice to quit or be slaughtered. Workingman White is a deep one. What he was after was to find out who sympathizes with the Workingmen, and who did not. It was a profound scheme to feel the political pulse. Paper bullets are to be fired into the ballot box when the time comes, instead of leaden bullets into Mongolian carcasses.

THE VIOLENT SPEECHES, the dispatch of couriers to Virginia and the outlying wood camps to incite the workmen to come down and help expel the heathen, were all part of this clever plot to make the thieves in broadcloth show their hands. And when the people thought they were in earnest and organized to keep rioters, thieves and incendiaries in check, Workingman White and his co-conspirators met together and laughed till the tears rolled down their cheeks at the success of their silly game. What a fool every respectable man in Reno must feel himself at this humiliating repetition of the morning organ. The GAZETTE reporter positively blushes with mortification as he writes this line, to think that he really imagined that he saw the town filled with tramps (part of the Workingman White plot too), and that the decent men of the town walking around all night to keep their property from being burned. Workingman White has reason to be proud of the effect it had on the town when the people really believed that he and his friends intended to act up to their noble principles. Really, it is impossible not to join in Workingman White's laughter, even although it is turned against ourselves.

ANOTHER PRACTICAL JOKER.

It reminds one of the man who jumped out on the sidewalk and shouted:

"Come on, ye durned cowards! I kin lick any man in town! Show yer spunk if ye've got any, dern' yer Whoop! I'm turned loose, I am!"

Then another man walked out on the sidewalk and caught the bad man by the throat, and shook him, and the bad man, when he got a little breath, said:

"Let go a feller, can't ye? I was only foolin'. He, he! Dern it, can't ye take a joke? I didn't mean to fight nobody. He, he!"

Now, while everybody will be quite willing to believe that so shrewd a political leader as Workingman White knew perfectly well what was about when he was out-doing Kearney in incendiary talk, on Sunday night, and didn't mean word of it, it would interest the public to know that that quiet, humble Christian gentleman,

BROTHER WELLMAN, was also engaged in deceiving the foolish public at that meeting of pretended incendiaries? Because if he was, Brother Wellman developed talents as an actor that would pay him infinitely better on the legitimate stage than as a performer in anti-Coolie melodramas. A GAZETTE reporter has had a talk with Colonel Richardson, who was present at that meeting, and the Colonel says that good brother Wellman was about the most violent person in the crowd. To quote the Colonel's own emphatic words: "He made remarks which I considered entirely uncalled for, and I remonstrated with the Chairman against them. In my opinion Wellman was about half drunk or a crazy fool for talking as he did."

One can hardly believe his own eyes and ears when looking upon the actions or listening to the fiery speeches of these political humorists, so that it is quite possible that Brother Wellman was helping out the immense joke of Workingman White, which roused all Reno and nearly cost the jokers their necks.

Picnic.

Don't forget the Caledonian Club's picnic which comes off to-morrow at Captain Dall's grove, Franktown. Extra arrangements have been made in order that it may exceed the gatherings of any previous year. General prizes have been provided in every class of athletic amusement which the brawny Scotsmen are fond of. Fare for the round trip at reduced rates. A representative of the club will be in Reno to-night, and escort visitors from this place to the picnic grounds in the morning. In this issue will be found a local which gives full particulars.

Nabob Whiskey.

Simmon's Nabob whiskey, for indigestion, dyspepsia and nervousness has arrived at the establishment of Osburn & Shoemaker, sole agents for Reno. A bottle of the liquid was sent to the GAZETTE office. The typographical connoisseur in such matters, after half an hour's close study, made the following report: "Besh I-ic-I ever shaw. Er gohes down-ic-like hoil." The editor made very similar remarks upon Nabob, and the reporter is confident that these gentlemen know what they are talking about.

JIM AND MARY.

A Piute Family Quarrel of the Liveliest Kind.

Last evening about 7 o'clock there was an interesting revelation of the domestic manners and customs of the first families of Reno. A Piute squaw, young, buxom, and as good-looking as a squaw can be, began to quarrel at Earl's depot with her buck, a gentleman in a flannel shirt and plug hat with a feather in it. After exchanging views on each other's failings, the buck seized the young squaw by her stout, black hair and dragged her to her knees. There was a lively scuffle for a minute and then both fled from the platform to the street. The lady went at her lord tooth and nail, scratched him well, and in return had her clothes torn from her to the waist, exposing a copper plate illustration of such interest that at least fifty white men, filled with artistic interest, hurried to the ground. A dozen bucks sat upon the edge of the platform and grinned steadily, while as many excited squaws cantered to and fro, chattering in great excitement. The woman got the best of it, and holding up with one hand the few rags that remained to her, chased her enraged husband several yards and clapped her several feet. Some white men were about to interfere, but several married men shouted to let them alone. Poor Mary was vanquished, and, almost entirely naked, gave in. A friendly squaw threw her a calico skirt which, while she sobbed and squealed, she threw over her pretty shoulders and then allowed James to drive her off to their wigwam, where, no doubt, she was properly lodged.

A Hospitable Indian.

Yesterday afternoon a pretty well-dressed Piute stopped a Chinaman on Virginia street within a few feet of a GAZETTE reporter. The two were evidently acquaintances, for they shook hands and grinned at one another with the greatest friendliness.

"How so, wha' folo pitie man say git?" inquired Jim.

"White man no likee Chinaman. Hellum leave Leno alls same too dam quick. No go, heap shoot."

Jim was lost in deep thought for a moment, then brightening up and taking his Mongolian friend's hand again, shook it heartily, and with much animation cried:

"No good. Piute man's wickup—you know—my wickup. Pite man make git, you come sleep, eat me."

Not being a Christian, the grateful Chinaman did not invite the hospitable Indian to take a drink.

Catholic Church.

We learn that Father Raffoe, a Jesuit from Santa Clara, will arrive in Reno before Sunday next and take charge of the Catholic church at this point. Mass will be held at the usual hour, 10:30 Sunday mornings, and the new pastor will render all customary attention to the parishioners. Father Raffoe is known in Santa Clara as a very learned man, and has a high standing among the many learned Jesuits at that institution. It is also believed that his coming may be followed by the opening of a college for young men, at least an attempt will be made in that direction with a fair prospect of success.

The Taylor Family.

Reno has been without a theatrical entertainment for a long time, and the play-goers will be glad to learn that the celebrated Taylor family in their entirely new and original parlor entertainment will appear at the Academy of Music on Sunday evening. From the notices of the San Francisco and interior press we are persuaded that the troupe is composed of first-class artists. Miss Mattie, only eight years old, is spoken of as a child of very remarkable talent. There ought to be a full house.

No Desire for Fame.

A talented young journalist of San Francisco called at the GAZETTE office and shook hands this morning. On leaving, he earnestly requested that the GAZETTE should not give him a complimentary notice, "For," observed the acute youth, "I've left San Francisco for good and a notice always lets your creditors know where you are. A three liner once cost me \$70."

Meeting To-Night.

The citizens interested in the success of the approaching State Fair should be at the Opera House to-night. The committees appointed at the previous meeting will probably report, and other measures will be discussed. Every citizen having the welfare of Reno at heart, will make it a point to be at the meeting.

TAKING IN THE TRAMPS.

Eleven Arrests Last Night—How They Have Been Dealt With.

The tramps had a tough time of it last night, and doubtless thought the devil was after them. Prominent citizens, staggering under the weight of their armament, proceeded at the midnight hour to poke around the box cars, empty dry goods boxes and other snug and retired nooks where the tramp is wont to refresh himself with sleep, or, in his own vernacular, "scoop in a doss." Three sleeping beauties were found in a car and marched off to jail. Five others were picked up snoozing in various parts of town or loafing around in an idle or dissolute manner not in necessary self-defense, all of which was against the peace and dignity of the State of Nevada. Complaints were sworn out against them by the citizens. To-day all pleaded guilty to having been found sleeping or idling and were given until 5 o'clock this afternoon to appear for sentence, being allowed to go upon their own recognizance. They all professed to have important business on hand calling them away to distant parts of the country, and it is hardly probable that they took the trouble to call upon the Judge to receive sentence. His Honor is of the belief that the best thing Reno can do with a tramp is to get rid of him. If any of those whom he allowed to go to-day ever dare to return the sentence will be hanging over them and they can at once be taken in and bailed and chained. One of the men found in a box car made quite an effective plea in his own defense. He was about forty-five years of age, gray haired, poorly dressed, but of strong frame and intelligent countenance. "I'm a vagrant, sir," he said when called upon to plead. "I'm a mechanic—an engineer—and have worked for years on the Mississippi steamers. My home is in St. Louis, where I have a family. I am on my way to Sacramento where I have a brother and where I have a prospect of work. I'm poor and shabby, I know that, but I'm not a tramp. I've paid or worked for all the food I've had since I left St. Louis. I suppose there's no one here that hasn't been broke some time in his life. I'm a stranger among strangers and poor. I hope, Judge, you will deal with me as you would want to be dealt with were you in the same fix." He was given till 5 o'clock to skip. The others arrested are well known to Reno: Charles Lewis, H. Brown, George Lincoln and J. Cook. Brown was given till 5 o'clock to leave. Lincoln was discharged with a lecture. The other cases had not been called up to the hour of going to press. Warrants are out for eight more vagrants, among them a fellow named Ross, who has been representing himself as a watchman.

CALEDONIAN PICNIC.

We desire to call the attention of our readers to the third annual Caledonian Picnic and celebration of games to be held at Captain Dall's Grove, near Franktown, on Saturday next, the 10th inst. It will be the event of the season in the picnic line, and the various Scottish games will be on a grander scale than anything yet attempted by the Virginia Caledonian Club. The prizes to be competed for will aggregate in value over \$300; for, in addition to the prizes awarded to the various athletic games, there are two handsome prizes to be competed for by the ladies at the archery target, and also a handsome sterling silver vase, which will be awarded to the best military rifle team of Storey county and vicinity. There will be three of the best bands of music in the State in attendance, and, in fact, no expense has been spared to make it the most enjoyable gathering of the season. It is understood that Senator Jones and other local celebrities will be present on that occasion. There will be a special train attached to the through train for Virginia City for the accommodation of those who desire to go from this city, and the fare is fixed at \$2 for the round trip—children under 10 years of age, \$1. A member of the Caledonian Club will be at the Arcade House on Friday evening, who will act as conductor to the Reno portion of the excursion. We again urge our citizens to attend this celebration and the gathering of the clans o' Scotia. We have been informed that last year the Renosites captured four of the prizes which were then competed for, and we believe that our athletes will do even better this year. Remember the time—Saturday morning by the through train which leaves Reno shortly after 7 o'clock.

Actual Conversation.

First Reno Maiden.—"What a nice young man that stranger, Mr. McFadden, is."

Second R. M.—"Really, do you think so?"

First R. M.—"Yes, I do."

Second R. M.—"Why, he's magnified."

First R. M.—"Is it possible! Now, do you know I thought there was something wrong with the fellow."

Not one candidate from among the county officers.

JOTTINGS.

J. Doe is in town and has the same larcenous complaint as of old.

Messrs. A. H. Manning and B. F. Leete, with their families have gone to Independence Lake.

Everybody will be glad to learn that the condition of B. B. Norton is constantly improving.

Geo. Schaefer announces himself as a Democratic candidate for Sheriff. You know him as a good citizen.

The clerk of the weather keeps shoveling in the coals. It's as hot as ever with no sign of cooling off.

Camping parties, many of them lucky enough to have ladies along, have left Reno for the mountains almost daily.

The Sherman gold and silver mining company has levied an assessment of half a cent per share, delinquent September 5th.

The Auburn mill runs night and day, under the efficient management of J. W. Kimball, Superintendent, and Mr. Pursley, manager.

Occasionally there is a rumpus and grand fire-out of the tramp. Would it not be well to run under the same pressure all of the time?

The astute heathen sits in the door of his wash house and ostentatiously loads his revolver, while the respectful outside barbarian passes respectfully by.

The speed that tramps are making over the ties toward Reno from east and west shows that the determination to drive the Chinese from Washoe county is rapidly spreading.

The GAZETTE acknowledges the receipt of a complimentary ticket to the third annual picnic of the Caledonian Club, of Virginia, to be held at Dall's Grove on Saturday.

The charge of robbery against Jack Weiss, accused of robbing a man named Harrison on Sunday night was dismissed by Judge Richardson yesterday.

Rev. R. A. Ricker, of Truckee, will preach at the Reno Methodist church, both morning and evening, next Sunday. Subject for the evening: "The Immortality of the Soul."

M. & J. Rapp have at Steamboat the most pleasant resort in Nevada. The hotel and all connected with it is conducted upon the most liberal and approved plans.

Notwithstanding the extreme heat young people continue to get married and married people must have furniture. There isn't a better place to go for it than J. C. Weston's west side of Virginia street.

John H. Kinkead, of Humboldt county, a prominent candidate for the Republican nomination for Governor, is in town, meeting his old friends and making new ones as a gentleman of Mr. Kinkead's sort invariably does wherever he goes.

The bloodthirsty agitator who but the day before yesterday was willing to shed his vital fluid to free Reno from the Mongolian curse, arises now betimes and in the gray daws sneaks to the bawden wash-house for the postponed cleansing of his other shirt.

The Chinese Embassy.

NEW YORK, Aug. 7.—The *Herald's* Omaha correspondent interviewed the Chinese Commissioner. Referring to the Chineselaborquestion of California, the correspondent was told that the Minister would pay no particular attention to that, but would deal with it as he should deem proper in case it came before him officially. The Chinese residents of San Francisco were overjoyed at his arrival. They see in it an evidence of better times in the future. They will be better protected from hoodlum depredations, and they will have recourse to law when insulted and stoned. Having a Minister from their own government at Washington and a Consul in their midst, they will have at least the form, if not the substance, of protection.

Don't Neglect Your Husband.

Mrs. Catherine Young has been supporting her husband. Being out of work lately, she could provide him no supper when he came one night, and he was angry and said: "Go drown yourself, d— you." She left the house in desperation, begged her way to a ferry boat, and attempted to take her life. Justice Elliott sent her to jail for ten days.—*New York Paper.*

Reported Assassination of Bismarck.

CHICAGO, August 8.—An indirect and unauthentic telegram to the *Daily News* says Bismarck has been assassinated. The news is discredited here.

The Montreal Orangemen decline the proposal of the Catholic party to test the legality of the Orang. Order by civil proceedings before the Privy Council.

In the Bogardus-Coventry pigeon shooting match on the 6th, the score stood: Bogardus 79, Coventry 78. One hundred birds were shot at.

The band of Austrian hussars, 189 in number, who were attacked at Kessin by the Bosnians, lost 109 of their number.

Warner, the San Francisco fireman who killed a comrade, has been charged with manslaughter.

THE JOLLY OLD PEDAGOGUE.

'Twas a jolly old pedagogue, long ago,
Tall and slender, and sallow, and dry;
His form was bent, and his gait was slow,
His long, thin hair was as white as snow;
But a wonderful triumph shone in his eye,
And he sang every night as he went to bed;
"Let us be happy down here below;
The living should live, tho' the dead be dead."

Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He taught his scholars the rule of three;
Writing and reading, and history too.

Taking the little ones on his knee,

For a kind old heart in his breast had he;

And the wants of the smallest child he knew;

"Learn while you're young," he often said;

"There's much to enjoy down here below;

Life for the living and rest for the dead."

Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

With stupid boys he was kind and cool,

Speaking only in gentlest tones;

The rod was scarcely known in his school;

Whipping, to him, was a barbarous rule;

And too hard work for his poor old bones;

"Besides, it was painful," he sometimes said;

"We should make life pleasant here below;

The living need charity more than the dead."

Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He lived in a house by the hawthorn lane,

With roses and woodbine over the door;

His rooms were quiet, and neat and plain,

But a spirit of comfort there held reign.

And made him forget he was old and poor;

"I need so little," he often said.

"And my friends and relatives here below

Won't litigate over me when I'm dead."

Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

But the most pleasant times he had of all,

Were the social hours he used to pass,

With his chair tipped back to a neighbor's

wall,

Making an unceremonious call,

Over a pipe and a friendly glass—

This was the sweetest pleasure, he said.

"Of many I share down here below;

Who has no cronies had better be dead."

Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

The jolly old pedagogue's wrinkled face

Melted all over in laughing smiles;

He stirred his glass with an old-school grace,

Chuckled, and slipped, and pratived apace.

Till the house grew merry from cellar to tiles

"I'm a pretty old man," he gently said.

"I've lingered a long while here below,

But my heart is fresh, if my youth has faded."

Said this jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He smoked his pipe in the balmy air,

Every night when the sun went down;

While the soft wind played in his silvery hair,

Leaving its tenderest kisses there

On the jolly old pedagogue's jolly old crown

And feeling the kisses, he smiled and said:

"Tis a glorious world down here below;

Why wait for happiness till we are dead?"

Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He sat at his door, one midsummer night,

After the sun had sunk in the west,

And the lingering beams of golden light

Made his kindly old face look warm and bright

While the odorous night-wind whispered—

"Rest!"

Gently, gently he bowed his head *

There were angels waiting for him; he knew;

He was sure of happiness, living or dead;

This jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

—GEO. ARNOLD.

Horrible Deed of Tramps.

Chicago, August 3.—A *Tribune* and a Burlington (Iowa) special says: On Thursday afternoon two tramps stopped at a farmer's house near Trenton, Henry county, and after getting a good dinner from the farmer's wife and leaving that her husband would not be home till evening, suddenly seized her outraged her person, and left her insensible. They had stopped the cries of the farmer's little daughter by rolling her up in a blanket. When unrolled the child was nearly suffocated and died in an hour. The neighbors are scouring the country for the fiends, but at last accounts had not found them.

Paste it on Your Demijohn.

The Rev. Dr. Prime, editor of the New York Observer, has been spending some months on the continent of Europe, and making special inquiry into the drinking habits of the people. In ten months, during which he visited the chief cities of France, Germany and Italy, where the universal tipple is light wine or beer, he saw just one person drunk. In one city of 55,000 inhabitants there was but a single arrest for drunkenness during forty days. The reverend doctor reaches the conclusion, which is not a discovery, by any means, that drunkenness is the exception in the wine-drinking countries of Southern Europe.

Tornado in Ohio and Indiana.

CINCINNATI, Aug. 2d.—Advice from south-eastern Indiana state that a tornado swept through that section of the country yesterday damaging crops, trees, buildings quite seriously. At Liberty the Methodist church was badly damaged and the residence of J. M. Arco partially flattened. At Eaton, Ohio, corn was flattened out over a large area.

For Justice.

Wm. H. Young announces himself as a candidate for Justice of Reno township. Mr. Young is an old Nevada, and has served during the past two years as deputy Sheriff.

Robert G. Ingersoll and family have gone to Europe.

50 Cts. Per Week.

All classes of legitimate advertisements not exceeding six lines inserted in this column at \$10 Cents per week.

To be inserted for less than 50 Cents.

To find out the number of lines an advertisement will make, reckon five words for the first line, and seven words for each subsequent line. Fractions of lines charged as full lines.

Cheap Shingles.

J. P. FOULKS WILL DELIVER THE best quality of pine Shingles, Reno at \$2 50 per thousand, per car-load. Small quantities at \$2 75 per M.

"Good as Gold."

THE BED BUG MUST GO! I WILL GIVE him no quarter. Brunner's Infallible will clear him out. I have it for sale in Reno. Call and choose you. Bed bugs or no bed bugs? Brunner's is reliable and as good as gold.

J. A. H. BARNEs, Agent.

Instrumental Music,

BY PROFESSOR OLE LARSON, SR., one of the best violinists in the State. Orders left at C. J. Brookins'.

To Rent.

HOUSE ON WEST STREET, 5 ROOMS, ample grounds. Apply immediately at this office.

Sewing Machine.

I HAVE FOR SALE A GOOD SINGER Sewing Machine. Price only \$30.

W. M. Pinner, Reno Drug Store.

For Sale.

A NO. 2 BUCKEY MOWER—SECOND hand—cheap for cash. Apply to J. L. McFarlin.

To Old Bachelors.

FOR \$100, A COMPLETE SET OF HOUSEHOLD furniture, consisting of Bed room sets, Carpets, Stoves, etc. As the parties are about to leave town the whole will be sold for \$100 cash. Apply at this office.

6-26-11

Warning.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE THAT R. L. Caldwell is not now nor never will be in my employ again. All parties are warned not to trust him on my account.

Reno, June 3d. STEPHEN CONNER. (div wky 6m)

CLOTHING.**ONE PRICE STORE!**

FULL STOCK OF

Spring and Summer Clothing!

MEN'S AND BOY'S

Fine Dress & Business Suits

Latest Styles, and

LOWEST CASH PRICES.

Furnishing Goods, Hats Caps, Boots, Shoes, Trunks, Valises.

And everything kept in a first class store.

FREIGHT AND PASSENGERS.

A. J. BUNTING HAS STOCKED THE road between this place and Susanville with THREE SIX-HORSE TEAMS, and will run weekly, until further notice, as follows:

I will leave Golden Eagle Hotel, Reno, on FRIDAY MORNING, at 7 o'clock, arriving at Susanville on Saturday evening at 6 o'clock, thus making the trip in two days and in day light travel.

RATES OF FARE AND FREIGHT:

Freight through to Susanville, \$8

Freight—Under 200 lbs., 2 cts per lb.; over 200 lbs., 1 1/2 cts per lb., depending on the bulk.

All freights carried on this line must be marked "B. F. F." and if from San Francisco or Sacramento, shipped in care of Earl & Co., Reno.

All orders or business given to me will receive prompt my personal attention.

CRYSTAL PEAK BREWERY.**G. CERTENBACH, Proprietor.**

The Best Beer Manufactured in Nevada.

SOLD BY WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.

All Beer warranted to give satisfaction to the Trade.

Brewery at Crystal Peak.

Leave your orders w/

J. J. BECKER.

H. T. ROHES, AGENT FOR RENO.

7-28-11

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